

# The Alleghanian.

A. A. BARKER, Editor and Proprietor.  
J. TODD HUTCHINSON, Publisher.

I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT.—HENRY CLAY.

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EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1863.

NUMBER 13.

## DIRECTORY.

### LIST OF POST OFFICES.

Post Offices.	Post Masters.	Districts.
Bethel Station	Enoch Reese,	Blacklick.
Carrolltown	Joseph Behr,	Carroll.
Chees Springs	Henry Nutter,	Chest.
Conemaugh,	A. G. Crooks,	Taylor.
Cresson,	J. Houston,	Washint'n.
Ebensburg,	John Thompson,	Ebensburg.
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Hemlock,	Wm. Tiley, Jr.,	Wash'tn.
Jonestown,	I. E. Chandler,	Johnst'wn.
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Mineral Point,	E. Wissing,	Conem'gh.
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Wilmore,	Morris Keil,	S'merhill.

### CHURCHES, MINISTERS, &c.

**Presbyterian**—Rev. D. HARRISON, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 1/2 o'clock, and in the evening at 3 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock. A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 6 o'clock.

**Methodist Episcopal Church**—Rev. J. S. LEWIS, Pastor. Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 1/2 o'clock in the morning, or 7 in the evening. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock. A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening, at 7 o'clock.

**Wich Independent**—Rev. L. R. POWELL, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 6 o'clock. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock. P. M. Prayer meeting on the first Monday evening of each month; and on every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday evening, excepting the first week in each month.

**Calvinistic Methodist**—Rev. JOHN WILLIAMS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock. Sabbath School at 10 o'clock. P. M. Prayer meeting every Friday evening, at 7 o'clock. Society every Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock.

**Disciples**—Rev. W. LLOYD, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock.

**Particular Baptists**—Rev. DAVID JENKINS, Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath evening at 8 o'clock. Sabbath School at 10 o'clock. P. M. Prayer meeting every Friday evening, at 7 o'clock.

**Catholic**—Rev. M. J. MURPHY, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath morning at 10 1/2 o'clock and Vespers at 4 o'clock in the evening.

### EBENSBURG MAILS.

**MAILS ARRIVE.**  
Eastern, daily, at 11 1/2 o'clock, A. M.  
Western, " " 11 1/2 o'clock, A. M.

**MAILS CLOSE.**  
Eastern, daily, at 8 o'clock, P. M.  
Western, " " 8 o'clock, P. M.

The mails from Butler, Indiana, Strongstown, &c., arrive on Thursday of each week, at 5 o'clock, P. M.  
Leave Ebensburg on Friday of each week, at 5 A. M.

The mails from Newnan's Mills, Carrolltown, &c., arrive on Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week, at 3 o'clock, P. M.  
Leave Ebensburg on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 7 o'clock, A. M.

### RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

**GRESSION STATION.**

West—Balt. Express leaves at	8:43 A. M.
" Fast Line " "	9:50 P. M.
" Phila. Express " "	9:22 A. M.
" Mail Train " "	8:35 P. M.
East—Through Express " "	8:35 P. M.
" Fast Line " "	12:34 A. M.
" Fast Mail " "	6:58 A. M.
" Through Accom. " "	10:39 A. M.

**WILMORE STATION.**

West—Balt. Express leaves at	9:06 A. M.
" Mail Train " "	9:06 P. M.
East—Through Express " "	8:11 P. M.
" Fast Mail " "	6:30 A. M.

### COUNTY OFFICERS.

**Judges of the Courts**—President, Hon. Geo. Taylor, Huntington; Associates, George W. Bailey, Henry C. Devine.

**Prothonotary**—Joseph McDonald.

**Register and Recorder**—James Griffin.

**Sheriff**—John Buck.

**District Attorney**—Philip S. Noon.

**County Commissioners**—Peter J. Little, Jno. Campbell, Edward Glass.

**Treasurer**—Thomas Callin.

**Four House Directors**—George M'Callough, George Delany, Irwin Rutledge.

**Four House Treasurers**—George C. K. Zahm, Williams, George C. K. Zahm.

**County Surveyor**—Henry Scanlan.

**Coroner**—James Shannon.

**Mercantile Appraiser**—Geo. W. Easley.

**Sup't of Common Schools**—J. F. Condon.

### EBENSBURG BOR. OFFICERS.

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**Justices of the Peace**—David H. Roberts, Harrison Kinkadee.  
**Burges**—James Myers.  
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**EAST WARD.**  
**Constable**—Evan E. Evans.  
**Town Council**—John J. Evans, Thomas J. Davis, John W. Roberts, John Thompson, D. J. Jones.

**INSPECTORS**—William D. Davis, L. Rodgers.  
**Judge of Election**—Daniel J. Davis.  
**Assessor**—Lemuel Davis.

**WEST WARD.**  
**Constable**—M. M. O'Neill.  
**Town Council**—R. S. Bunn, Edward Glass, John A. Blair, John D. Thomas, George W. Outman.

**INSPECTORS**—William Barnes, Jno. H. Evans.  
**Judge of Election**—Michael Hasson.  
**Assessor**—George Gurley.

## Minnie's Ruse.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

"Heigho!" sighed Minnie Arlin, "what a plague these lovers are!—particularly when one is not quite certain whether they are enamored with one's self or one's fortune. I wish I knew!"

As she said this, she glanced thoughtfully after the retreating form of a tall, gentlemanly looking man at that moment passing out of the gate in front of her father's mansion.

Minnie was not a beauty, as heroines generally are, but possessed a sunny, gleeful temper, a warm heart, and cultivated mind, which amply compensated for all deficiencies of form and face, so that among the truly discerning she found many warm friends.

As her father was very wealthy, many suitors knelt at the feet of Minnie Arlin, who would otherwise have sought a handsomer bride. But to one and all she had given a negative decision, until she met Walter Roby, the visitor who had just bade her adieu. He was a young lawyer, who had recently come into the village of Belmont, and who, possessing a handsome person, fascinating conversational powers, and bland and agreeable manners, very soon won the confidence and good will of the people, but more especially of the ladies.

He did not at first notice Minnie with much attention. In the course of a few weeks, however, he seemed to suddenly become violently enamored of her, and was pointed in his addresses.

Though Minnie was much flattered by the apparent devotion of the handsome lawyer, yet she had a large share of that rare but important article, common sense; and as she suspected that his assiduity did not arise from a love of her own plain self, she determined to prove her lover.

He had this very day made her the offer of his heart and hand, and begged hers in return. But Minnie had given him this reply—"Mr. Roby, I am not prepared to answer you immediately; I shall require at least two weeks to reflect upon it."

He was somewhat daunted at this cool answer to his rather eloquent and ardent proposal, he deemed his various fascinations perfectly irresistible. He urged for a shorter probation, but she would not relent, only telling him that if she decided before the time had expired she would inform him of the fact.

Minnie sat long in her room that night, devising some means to ascertain his real sentiments. She thought if she were only handsome she might rest assured that she loved her, and then she could return that love. She revolved many schemes in her head, but none seemed plausible, and finally, when the bell chimed twelve, she retired, resolving in the morning to impart her trouble to her father and implore his aid, for she was motherless.

Morning dawned, and Minnie arose unrefreshed and pale. As the breakfast bell rang, she greeted her father at the staircase.

"What ails my birdie this morning?" he asked, as he gave her his accustomed kiss.

"I'll tell you after breakfast, papa," replied Minnie.

Accordingly, when the meal was finished, she twined her arm within his, and accompanied him to the parlor, where she unfolded to him her suspicions, plans and hopes. Minnie's father was not surprised. Mr. Roby had appealed to him to sanction his contemplated alliance with Minnie, and as Mr. Arlin thought him a worthy young man, he told him that "if Minnie consented he would."

"Don't be troubled, my daughter," said Mr. Arlin, when she had concluded. "It would be strange, indeed, if we could not devise some means by which to ascertain what this young lawyer is really in love with—yourself or your money."

He then unfolded his plan, and when they parted, Minnie's face had resumed something of its old look of accustomed gayety.

The first week of Walter Roby's banishment, as he told her he should call it, had not passed, when it was rumored that Minnie Arlin had entered the shop of Mrs. Raude, the milliner, as an apprentice; and when questioned, she replied she "did not wish to be a burden upon her father in his present circumstances." There came also flying reports of loss of property, which was in accordance with Minnie's conduct, and many began to believe that Mr. Arlin would be obliged to dispose of his handsome mansion and fine farm. Minnie continued her daily task at the milliner's shop until the two weeks had nearly gone by. Two days before they expired, she despatched to her lover the following note:

"Mr. Roby:—If you still entertain the same sentiments you professed at our last meeting,

call around and I will give you my reply this evening.

Waiter had heard the rumors, and had endeavored to ascertain the truth. He trembled lest they were true, for—he had decided—he could not make Minnie Arlin, if poor, his bride. He received her note, and immediately sallied forth, determined, if possible, to satisfy himself as to the truth of the rumor.

Stepping into the house of a physician with whom he was upon terms of intimacy, he said, after a moment's conversation, "What is it, Doctor, about this affair of Mr. Arlin's? Is he really so reduced that Minnie is obliged to become a shop girl?"

"Well," replied his friend, "I thought there must be some mistake, but I heard the old gentleman say this morning, when some one spoke of Minnie being so industrious, that 'Minnie Arlin would not see her father reduced to poverty and not make some effort to assist him.' So I presume there must be some foundation for the report. But, my dear fellow, Minnie is a noble girl without property—although she hasn't so pretty a face as some young women I know of."

"Oh," replied Roby, carelessly, "I hope you don't think that I'm committed there. I have been somewhat friendly with Minnie, it is true, but nothing serious, I assure you. No trouble about the heart," and he laughed; "though," he added, "I should regret exceedingly to have them meet with reverses." He soon after took his leave, and returning to his office, he seated himself at his writing desk and wrote, sealed, and dispatched the following note:

"MY DEAR MISS ARLIN.—During the time that has elapsed since I saw you my feelings have somewhat changed, or rather, I have analyzed them more closely—and I fear that we never can be happy together. I see now that I was rather premature in my proposals, though I still entertain the warmest feelings of regard and friendship for you. Your cool reply to my proposals led me to suppose that your feelings were not very much interested in myself—and perhaps it were best for both that the affair should terminate here. I remain most respectfully, your obedient servant,  
WALTER ROBY."

Minnie shed some tears when she received this cold epistle; for she had hoped, as maidens sometimes do, that her lover might "be tried in the balance, and not found wanting." But brushing away her tears, she went to her father, and handed the note to him saying:

"Ah, father, you have lost the handsome and accomplished young lawyer for a son-in-law. He doesn't think your homely, poor Minnie, can make him happy."

Leaving the room she caught up her straw hat, and went out to ramble in the woods of her favorite hamlet, hoping the sweet influence of nature might soothe and calm her troubled spirits.

The scene was lovely, for it was the sun-set hour, and the gleamy golden light glanced down between the interlacing boughs upon the soft green moss, making dancing light and shadows in every green wood pathway. The air was soft and balmy. No sound broke the stillness of the forest shade, save the sighing, plaintive harp, or the occasional carol of a bird. Yielding to the lulling influence of the scene, Minnie seated herself upon a fallen tree, and was soon lost in a reverie.

In her musing, she thought how pleasant it would be to be loved for one's self alone; and a voice seemed whispering in her ear with soft, thrilling tone, love's own cadence, and dark eyes looked into her own, with a tender loving look. She had wandered this far into love's fairy dreamland, entirely unconscious of all around, when the crackling of a dry twig startled her, and she sprang up in alarm; but a pair of dark eyes looked into her own, and a familiar voice reassured her. She laughingly greeted her intruder, saying:

"Why, Herbert, how you startled me!" He smiled, and advancing to meet her, replied:

"I'm sorry I frightened you. I did not think to find you here; but you are looking pale—are you faint?" and he gazed at her with so much anxious solicitude that poor Minnie's equanimity was entirely overthrown, and sinking again upon her seat, she covered her face with her hands and burst into tears. The feelings so long pent up, and the tears which had been gathered for several days, had at last found vent.

Herbert Clayton had grown up with Minnie from childhood. He had always loved her, but had felt that a deep gulf separated him, a poor widow's son, from the only child of the wealthy Mr. Arlin, and therefore he had felt compelled "to worship from afar." He, too, had heard the rumors of Mr. Arlin's losses, and he supposed this was the cause of Minnie's agitation. He could scarcely repress the sweet hope, faint though it was, that Min-

nie might now be his; but checking this feeling, he seated himself by her side, to comfort and cheer her if possible. Gradually she became calm, and then imparted to him the story of Roby. He was indignant at such baseness, and, led on by his feelings, told Minnie of his love and hopes. His unselfish affection touched her heart. Here was one who loved her for herself, and was willing to take her, even if poor. But the wound she had received was too fresh to allow her to do aught but rise embarrassed, and, though thanking Herbert with her eyes, to shake her head sadly.

But, that chance interview decided the fate of both. The more she thought of Herbert's disinterested offer, the more his character rose in her estimation. Meantime, she had consented to receive him as a friend. He often visited her, and gradually esteem for him ripened into love.

One cheerful winter evening, during the blessed Christmas time, Herbert ventured to urge his suit again. This time, Minnie, though as embarrassed as before, did not say nay, but returned a blushing answer which filled his heart with joy.

In short, she accepted him on the spot, like a good girl as she was.

When Herbert had confessed his suit to Mr. Arlin, and asked his consent to wed his daughter, that gentleman, looking archly in his face, replied:

"Do you wish to make poor Minnie Arlin your bride? Can you think of taking a dowryless wife?"

And then Herbert replied that it was because she was dowryless that he wanted her—had she remained as in other days, he would never have told his love.

The old man smiled a peculiar sort of smile, and said:

"Yes, Herbert, she is yours—you are worthy of her! But I am glad for your sake and for hers that I am not so poor that she will be a portionless bride. But I must tell Minnie all you the story."

Herbert was unspeakably delighted, not so much that he had won the heiress as that had he won a good, true heart, that would bear responsive with his own for all time to come; and Minnie laughingly told him that her poverty had lost her one lover and won her another.

Ah! that was a happy Christmas to at least two loving hearts.

Herbert and Minnie were soon after married, and Mr. Arlin's hospitable mansion was thrown open to the crowds of friends who gathered to celebrate the complete success of "Minnie's Ruse."

As for Mr. Roby, the story of his utter selfishness having leaked out, that personage found it convenient to permanently absent himself from the flourishing town of Belmont.

### Thrilling Narrative of Libby Prison.

Dr. Wm. Forester, of the 5th Kentucky Cavalry, relates the following statement of cruelties on the part of the rebels, to the Louisville Journal:

I was captured on the 21st of September, 1863, by the Eighth Texas Cavalry, in Cooper's Gap of Lookout Mountain, fifteen miles from Chattanooga. At the same time some two hundred others of Colonel Watkin's Third Cavalry Brigade fell into the hands of General Wheeler's corps.

The first act of Confederate kindness that I received, was at the hands of a Captain, who threatened to blow my brains out, for refusing to inform him of the direction taken by our retreating column. He also kindly relieved me of my sash, which I had refused to deliver to him.

We were placed under charge of the First Kentucky (rebel) cavalry. To Capt. Witt, of this regiment, I am indebted for the preservation of my hat, coat, boots and watch, which, but for his care, would most certainly have been taken from me. Numbers had already been robbed. Almost every overcoat and blanket had already been taken.

It was amusing, even to a prisoner, to witness the manner in which this robbery was committed. If a Federal soldier was the possessor of a good hat or pair of boots, a rebel would approach him, and, with mocking politeness, invite our Federal to "Come down unten that ar hat; come up outen them ar boots." Rather quickly, by some rough game that two played at, boots and hat changed possessor. In some instances the Union soldier would be permitted to pick up some pieces of leather and felt, to replace in some measure what had been taken from him.

If the prisoner had provisions, he was considerably relieved of them. That night many a rebel mess rejoiced over a nice warm cup of Yankee coffee.

On the night of our capture we were quartered in the camp of the 1st Kentucky cavalry. And here I would gratefully

acknowledge the kindness shown me by Dr. William Gault, surgeon of the regiment, who generously shared his blanket and crust with me, and did everything in his power for our wounded. My greeting also to Dr. Evans and Capt. Rogers, of the 1st Kentucky.

It was a cold night; the men were put into a lot, without shelter, and with very few blankets. They built a fire, keeping from freezing as best they could. No ration were issued.

On the following day (22d) we were escorted, by details from the 8th and 11th Texas, and 1st Kentucky cavalry, under command of Lieut. Brooks, of the 1st Ky. cavalry, to Tunnel Hill. Lieut. Brooks proved himself to be a kind and humane gentleman.

We started early in the morning, marching until nearly midnight, making short halts every few miles to rest. The prisoners, being cavalry men, were easily fatigued; besides, many were sick. Night came on by the time we reached Ringgold, the whole party nearly fagged out. Longing for rest, we certainly expected to remain in Ringgold until morning. But no; the inexorable man of authority ordered Lieut. Brooks to drive his prisoners on. On we went.

And as the weary band pressed on, many a foot was blistered sore, many a throat became dry and parched, many a parched tongue craved for water, many a knee grew too weak to bear the wearied frame any further.

For some the task was more than they could perform. Many dropped exhausted by the roadside. In these cases the guard showed more mercy and tenderness than we expected. A number of them dismounted, put the exhausted prisoners upon their horses, themselves in several instances leading the horses, which the riders were too weak to control. At last the longed-for end of the journey came, and we were turned out on the common for the remainder of the night. We could hardly be expected to eat without food, or sleep without covering. Finally, about a pint of coarse cornmeal, for three men, and a small piece of bacon was brought to us, and devoured with a relish. How the meal was made into bread and baked, I do not know. However, the Yankee soldier is very shifty, and carries with him, even into captivity, his propensity for burning rails.

On the 23d we were moved to Dalton; on the 24th to Atlanta. Still no rations had been issued.

The reason assigned was that they had nothing. Weary, hungry and blanketless, we were turned out upon the commons; confined to a small space by a company of Home guards, who, with bright but trembling bayonets, compelled us to keep at a respectful distance. This space was horribly filthy, the ground without sod, covered by pebbles and jagged rocks. Here it was doubtless intended that we should repose and sweetly slumber. Heavy dews fell at night, and no wood was allowed. Our condition was anything but pleasant.

On the 25th we received first one and afterwards five days' rations, consisting of a few crackers and meat in proportion. Citizens who came to give or sell to the soldiers were driven away by the guard.

At night we were driven into "Hell's Half Acre," an enclosure surrounded by a plank wall some eighteen feet in height, with sentries walking their beats above us. We were guarded by graybacks with guns, and tormented by graybacks without guns. The latter were very small, and quite insinuating in their addresses, also said to be branded C. S. We called them Atlanta Home Guards. I can give but a passing notice of the "Hell's Half Acre," yet it has a tragic history, which will yet come to light. A large number of deserters from Bragg's army were confined there, waiting their fate; also a Tennessee major, with ball and chain, brought by disease to a mere skeleton; for what cause let those tell who kept him there until death released him.

From Atlanta to Richmond we were guarded by Texan, Alabama and Georgia troops, commanded by Captain John W. Turner, of the 19th regiment South Carolina infantry. By him we were treated universally with kindness and courtesy.

Arrived at Richmond on the 1st of October, 11 P. M. The enlisted men were sent to various buildings; the officers taken to the famous Libby.

The sensation a prisoner feels on seeing Libby for the first time is indescribable. He certainly feels as if he had already lost all his friends, and now his own turn had come.

In the office of the prison, as much of our money as could be heard from was taken from us and credited. No search was made.

We were taken into the third story, directed down a dark pair of stairs into a darker room, and to "go down there." A

horrible stench greeted us; the floor was wet, and covered from one end to the other with human bodies. By climbing upon and under a large table in the room we managed to find space upon which to lie.

The rations of the officers we found to consist of eight or ten ounces of light bread, two or four ounces of spoiled or badly cured bacon, smelling so badly that we were obliged to hold our nostrils in order to eat it.

In addition to this we received a small quantity of peas, full of worms, or, in lieu of peas, three quarts of rice, for fifty men. We afterwards received about four ounces of beef per day, instead of bacon, and corn bread took the place of wheat bread.

At one time the ration of meat was stopped, two or three small frosted sweet potatoes being given instead. The reason for issuing such potatoes being that they were commissary stores, and unless used would rot entirely. At times we received no food for two days. Then meat would be withheld for several days, and the privilege of buying denied us. The surgeons left Libby on the 24th of November. On the 21st, 22d, 23d and 24th no meat had been given us, and the bread was of such character that we could scarcely eat it. On the 20th of November the prisoners in Castle Thunder had been nine days on bread and water. One of them, a citizen prisoner from Connecticut, named Thompson, had received from home a box containing clothing, valued at perhaps \$50, which he offered to give freely for one pound of meat. Sometimes our supply of wood was cut off for a day, though many cords were lying within twenty yards of our prison.

It may well be asked how we could live on such fare. I am certain that not more than five officers of the hundreds in Libby lived for more than a week at any time upon the rations furnished by the prison authorities. Those who attempted it, from being too proud or too feebly to receive from their more fortunate fellows, soon became lean, hank, cadaverous frequenters of the kitchen to keep warm, or were sent as patients to the hospital. We were divided off into classes of about thirty each, with one of the members as commissary, who levied a weekly tax upon those who had money. This money was spent for vegetables to put in our soup and hash; sirup and burnt rye to be used as coffee. We also divided ourselves into smaller messes from four to six members, with a caterer, who would buy butter, eggs, coffee, meat, and extra bread for his mess. When the market was denied us, long faces were decidedly in the ascendant. Besides the privilege of the market, officers are allowed to receive boxes of provisions from home. These boxes, I believe, are almost without an exception, received by those to whom they are sent.

The officers were confined in six rooms, each 43 feet wide by 192 feet in length. In one end of each room was the sink, which, often neglected, would become so offensive that we could scarcely bear the stench. The floors were frequently washed and scrubbed, just before dark, and this gave us a wet floor to sleep upon, thus adding another item to the list of our many discomforts.

For a time many of the officers had no blankets or other bedding—the bare floor to lie upon, nothing to keep them warm. Very few had more than one blanket, until supplied by the U. S. Sanitary Commission and friends at home. There was no glass in the windows; hence many were compelled, by the cold wind whistling through, to pace the floor for half the night to save themselves from freezing.

Such is but a faint description of the officers' fare in Libby. Of the private soldier's I do not know enough to give a just idea. I do not believe pen can portray his sufferings. You have doubtless seen many accounts published by persons released from Richmond. Most of the accounts I believe to be true; yet much, very much, is still untold. Those officers who have been in Belle Island tell of suffering and privation endured that makes your blood run cold.

I have seen prisoners, Federal soldiers, pick up old, hard, musty corn bread out of the muddy gutters of the street, and eat it. I have seen them, when stooping for this bread, fall upon the ground from weakness—from what I believe to have been starvation. I have heard them, when offered clothing by the Federal officers, to say, "Give us bread first—we are starving." I know that they were robbed of their blankets and clothing at Atlanta and in Richmond. I saw hundreds of them being sent off to Danville, without blankets, without overcoats, without shoes, without socks. I am certain that not one in fifty had a blanket. Our Government may well look after the prisoners taken to Danville.